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Somewhere.
How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?
What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art down with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place?
Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sub-
lime.
Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart, God bless thee, wherever art
In His great universe thou art to-day.

WHAT A WOMAN DID.
Jessica Dale looked from her seat
among the branches of the ancient ash
that stood on the river side. On a pile
of planks a man's figure was stretched
at full length, and he was apparently
placidly gazing up at the white clouds
slowly dissolving in the blue air.
The man on the planks soon turned
his head in such a way that he probably
caught a glimpse of her white dress
among the leaves, for he instantly
sprang lightly down from his resting
place and walked swiftly across the
meadows towards her, vaulting the
fences on his way.
"I am so very glad to see you, Jes-
sica," he said, fervently, as he helped
her over the stile.
"For what reason, Bernard? You
seem wonderfully in earnest."
"Why, no reason, except the pleasure
of being with you."
"Not having seen me since nine
o'clock last night."
"But you are always a fresh and
beautiful sight. I have been wonder-
ing what I could do with myself this
afternoon, and behold! Fate sends me
to you."
"I wonder you are not sun-struck,
lying there on the wharf in this hot,
broiling sun."
"I don't mind the hot sun. It never
hurts me."
"And yet, the coldest day last win-
ter, you worked out of doors all day,
building that ice palace for me."
"I enjoy the cold, too, and take the
seasons as they come. Heat and cold
are alike to me."
"I should think, Bernard, you must
be as much as six feet high," she said,
measuring him with her eyes.
"Very near the mark; I am five feet
eleven."
"Well," said Jessica, stopping under-
neath the pollard willows, and survey-
ing her companion from head to foot,
"here is a young man five feet eleven,
broad shouldered, never sick, who
minds neither summer's heat nor win-
ter's cold, nor terrible storms, and yet,
who can find nothing in all this wide
world to do on this long summer day
but lie on a pile of planks, or lounge
up and down the river bank with a
girl."
The young man's brown face flushed
crimson.
"But what can I do, Jessica?"
"Help those sailors down there on the
wharf, don't you see? They have their
own children. I have no doubt they
like to have you with them, and
will give you what you need, but you
should be ashamed to dawdle through
life dependent on a rich man's bounty."
"I don't feel that it is a dependence.
I am one of the family, and we all live
happily together, and have everything
in the world we want. And, more than
all that, uncle wants you to come and
live there too. There is plenty for all,
he says. It is a large house, and there
are so many servants they can't find
enough to do, and a great deal coming
in all the time that would be wasted if
we were not there."
"I will never go there with you, Ber-
nard, never! I would rather die! I
would rather live in a log cabin, on
bread and milk, than with a husband
who would be willing to lead such a life
as you do. I should be so ashamed of
him."
The sleepy look went out of Bernard's
eyes in a moment, and a bright light
flashed into them. "Is that the reason
you would never consent to make me
happy, Jessica? Oh, why did you not
tell me that before?"
"I have not told it now. You
dragged me into the discussion, and I
was only carrying out your supposi-
tion."
"I will go to work to-morrow, if you
will only promise to love me."
"I have spoken for your own good,"
said Jessica, "and I have but one thing
more to say; never, from this moment
say to me one word of love until you
can offer me something of your own.
The log cabin is enough, but it must
be your own. Mind, I don't say I
will listen to you then; it is probable I
will not. But, in the meantime, love must
not be named between you and me."
"It is clear she does not love me, and
she might as well have said so, without
insulting me with all that talk." Such
were Bernard's thoughts after Jessica
had left him, and he stood idly kicking
pebbles into the river. "She has said
some pretty stinging things. That is
the way she thinks of me, is it? I
would be a fool to give up all I have
and work like a common laborer. She
is always as busy as a bee herself, and

I have thought how nice it would be to
take her from her home, where she does
so much, to a place where she would
have nothing to do at all. And her
ladyship does not like it; she gives
herself too many airs."
Three miles below the old farm-house
stood the busy town of Perkinsville.
On a hot summer afternoon, two days
after the talk under the pollard willows,
a shadow fell across the open doorway
of the farm-house which shadow was
immediately followed by the appear-
ance of Bernard Leyburn.
"Good afternoon, Mr. Darryl," he
said, as he approached the gentleman,
"I want to go to work."
Mr. Darryl, knowing Bernard as he
did, was astonished.
"Any money to invest?" he asked.
"Not a cent."
"Then you have not the ghost of a
chance. Dozens of young gentlemen
now in town waiting work. Sorry I
can't help you, Leyburn," he said, cor-
dially, "but, indeed, every place is full
and overflowing."
"I do not care particularly for a gen-
tlemanly situation; I had no expecta-
tion of that kind. I will do any kind
of work."
"Nonsense! That is a different thing.
What kind, for instance?"
"Driving a wagon, portering, any-
thing."
"A company of us have started the
lumber business high up the river, at
Maple Bend. Got a saw-mill going
tolerably lively already, and it will move
faster soon. It is going to be a big
affair, I think. If you want hard work
there is a chance for you, but it won't
be dainty work. Can you help pile
lumber, or take it to the rafts, or cut
down a tree, if necessary?"
"Certainly, I can, and will be glad to
do it."
"I don't say but what you may work
your way to something better, but that
is the way you will have to begin. I
am afraid it won't suit you."
"Yes, it will," said Bernard, eagerly.
"I wish I could prove to you how
anxious I am to go to work."
"Do you see that row of flour bar-
rels, ranged out there, ready to be
shipped?"
"Yes, sir."
"That sleep has come in sooner than
was expected, but those barrels ought
to go on board of her this afternoon, and
all the hands are busy."
"I'll do it," said Bernard, smiling.
He went out in high spirits and be-
gan rolling the barrels up the gang-
plank, eager to show Darryl that he
was not afraid of work. He was ac-
customed to handling heavy weights
at the gymnasium, for his amusement.
But, before his present job was half
done, he found out the difference be-
tween work and play. When it was
three-quarters done he wished he had
let it alone. When the last barrel was
on the sleep, and Bernard went back to
the office, he noticed that the bright-
ness had died out of the eyes, and
the old, sleepy look, had come back to
him.
"That was well done, Leyburn,"
said Darryl. "You'll make a splendid
workman. When will you be ready for
up the river?"
"I have not quite decided to go. I
must think it over."
"This is Wednesday. I must know
your decision by Saturday."
"What has come over young Ley-
burn?" asked Darryl of Jessica, when
he paid a visit to the old farm-house
that evening. "He came to me to-day
to ask for work. And then he related,
with a good deal of humor, the adven-
ture of the barrels. It was well they
were out on the porch with light but
heavy eyes. He was sparkling with
pleasure."
"I told him if he would go up to
Maple Bend he would find plenty of
rough work to do, getting out lumber.
He was all eagerness, before his tussle
with the barrels, but very cool after-
wards. He is to decide on Saturday,
but I feel so sure he will not go I shall
say nothing to anybody."
"But I will," thought Jessica. "I
would not encourage him by any hope
of my loving him. But I will give him
a little push—just to start him off. I will
tell everybody in town."
And she did. That is, she told half a
dozen carefully selected individuals,
and they told all the rest, that Bernard
Leyburn was going up to Maple Bend
to learn the lumber business. It was
not until Friday that this report ob-
tained general circulation. Thursday
evening, Bernard visited Jessica, but
a word did he say of either love or
lumber. The next day he was con-
gratulated everywhere, and everybody
he met wished him good luck.
"I had half decided not to go,"
he had said with vexation. "But
Darryl has spread the report about, and
now I'll have to go up and give it a
trial. I shall find it a horrible business,
I know."
Bernard had not returned since first
he went up, now nearly a year ago, and
he had not written Jessica a letter, or
sent her a message. His uncle's family
had told her that he wrote to them in
good spirits, apparently, but that he
saw nothing about his business, and
they believed and hoped he was fast
getting cured of his folly, for they un-
derstood that he worked like a common
day-laborer. She sometimes questioned
Mr. Darryl, but he would merely reply:
"The young man is doing pretty fairly,"
which was certainly not very enthu-
siasmic praise. Mr. Darryl had good reason
for his reticence, for he remembered
how she had spread the report of Ber-
nard's going to Maple Bend through all
Perkinsville, while the matter was still
undecided, and after he, Darryl, had
told her he should tell no one.

"It is strange," thought Jessica that
afternoon for the hundredth time, "that
Bernard never writes to me! I am af-
raid he is not doing well. I wonder
how he has spread the report of Ber-
nard's going to Maple Bend through all
Perkinsville, while the matter was still
undecided, and after he, Darryl, had
told her he should tell no one."
Here the gray eyes filled with tears,
which might perhaps have fallen but
for a sound that now struck upon her

ears—the quick tramping of footsteps
through the long grass and daisies.
Her heart beat fast, but she would not
turn her head.
"I knew I would find you under the
ash-tree."
Bernard, and now the head
turned, and she held out both hands.
He squeezed them in a very ungentle
manner, that he must surely have
learned in the lumber region.
"How you have changed!" she ex-
claimed. She saw at a glance that the
great brown eyes were alive with active
thought; that the month was firmer,
and the whole bearing of the man,
resolute and manly.
"If he has not succeeded, he has not
given up," was her mental comment.
She made room for him on the sofa.
"And you, not all! You are the same
Jessica I left! I do believe this is the
very dress you wore when I last saw
you!"
"How can you be expected to know
one white dress from another?"
"It is not your wedding-dress, I
hope. You are not married, Jessica?"
"No, I am not married," she said
demurely.
"Thank Heaven for that! What
have you been doing this long time?"
"The same old round of duties,
Sewing and helping mother with the
housekeeping, and the children with
their lessons. There is no end to
woman's work, you know. Only, I
don't believe you know anything about
it."
"I know you were always as busy as
a bee, and I used to think you must
consequently be unhappy, but I have
learned better than that now."
"Indeed! And pray what have you
been doing that you are ashamed to
write to your old friend?"
"Did you expect me to write to
you?"
"We generally look for common
courtesy from those who pretend to be
our friends, and neither letter or mes-
sage have you sent me."
"I was waiting for 'something of my
own.' You see, I have not forgotten a
certain conversation under the pollard
willows yonder."

Jessica turned away her head. "I
did not say you were to treat me with
the ordinary politeness of an acquaint-
ance."
"I know. I resolved to see you no
more, to speak to you no more, until I
should have retrieved my manhood. I
went to see Darryl who told me of his
lumber business at Maple Bend, where
I could get work as a common laborer,
and I was rather a staggering offer,
and I took a couple of days to consider
it. I was at first somewhat inclined to
back out of the scrape, but, at last, I
summoned up the necessary fortitude,
and went."
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it. I was at first somewhat inclined to
back out of the scrape, but, at last, I
summoned up the necessary fortitude,
and went."

Jessica thought of the report she had
purposely spread around him to force
him to go, but, like a discreet woman,
she held her peace.
"Hard work it was," continued Ber-
nard after a pause, "and dreary and
disagreeable, helping to get the lumber
to the rafts, and down to the vessels.
This labor lasted for three months, and
if it had not been for my positive deter-
mination that nothing should force me
back to the old life—and for one other
thing—I think my endurance would
have given way. At the end of three
months the business increased so rap-
idly, and so many hands came up, that
I was promoted to a part of the business
I liked very well—filling out the or-
ders, that came in pretty fast, by select-
ing the proper wood, and measuring the
lengths, etc. But, I need not tell
you all that, and how one thing led to
another until now I hold quite an im-
portant position, with a fair salary, a
good knowledge of the business, and
the prospect of doing better still. And,
besides this, I have the funniest mite
of a house that looks as if the wind had
blown it together, and might, at any
time, blow it apart, and yet it is snug
and tight for all."

"You have, indeed, done wonders,
Bernard. I knew you could do anything
you wanted to do."
"If I had got nothing from my work
but the consciousness of independence
and manliness, I would consider myself
fully repaid."
"Of course you would!"
"But then you see I got something
more than this, and I shall expect
something more than all."
"Oh, you do! A mill of your own, I
suppose."
"No, you little demure witch, you
don't suppose anything of the kind.
Would I have come down here in our
busiest season for that? No, I came to
look for a jewel without which my life
will be nothing—my Jessica's love.
Will you refuse to listen to me now,
darling?"
There was no need for words; Jessica
turned her blushing, happy face to
Bernard, and he clasped her in his arms.
"At last!" he said rapturously. "Oh,
my dearest, I have waited long for
this. If I were not so happy I would
reproach you for having been so cold
and cruel to me. But, you love me at
last!"
"I will make a confession to you
now, Bernard; I loved you all the
time."
"My darling! And you let me think
you did not care for me. Why did you
send me away without the least glimpse
of hope for your love? Why did you
tell me you despised me?"
"No, no, Bernard, I never said that!"
"What you did say amounted to the
same thing, and you would not even
soften it by saying that you would try
to love me."
"What security would I have had
that, after you had won me, you would
not relapse into your old self? I loved
you, but I wanted you to be worthy of
my love."

"You are mine now, at all events,"
and he held her more tightly.
"But," he said thoughtfully, "what
will you do up there in that rough
region, away from your old friends,
and you will not have the comforts you
have now in the old farm-house?"
"I would a thousand times rather be
up there than in your uncle's fine
house. But we have plenty of time to
consider all that."
"Not so much time! I can only
stay four days, for we are very busy
just now; and we ought, by all means,
to be married the last of the month."

The head was quickly raised from the
shoulder. "Why Bernard! Are you
crazy?"
"By no means. What in the world
is the use of our waiting? We have
known each other all our lives, and how
do you suppose I can take the time to
come phylandering down here every
week? In fact, I ought not to be here
now, but I made a confidant of Darryl,
and he took compassion on me. At the
end of this month he thinks they can
do without me for a week, and then we
must be married. It is not so bad up
there, after all. It is a beautiful coun-
try, and we have a little society. The
superintendent's wife, and the wife of
the engineer live there in funny little
houses, just like mine; and they are
the house was already built. One of
the cabins dotted here and there in the
woods, and the laborers' wives are nice
kindly women."
"You will make it out a sort of Para-
dise, I expect, if I let you go on. But
may I ask if you had the house built
because you felt so sure of me?"
"I did not feel at all sure of you, but
I could not help a little feeling of hope.
I did not believe you would care so
much about the little life I led if you did
not love me the least little bit. However,
this is a consideration, certainly,"
replied Jessica.
"Oh! I know well I shall have a
hard task-mistress. But you will make
a happy home for me as a compensa-
tion."
Perhaps Jessica felt she had been ar-
bitrary enough. At all events her lover
had his own way and the wedding day
was fixed to suit him; the bride elect
reflecting that her simple *trousseau*
would not require much time for prepa-
ration. Ruffled dresses and trailing
silks would be entirely out of place in
the lumber region. They were so hap-
py, sitting there under the drooping
branches of the ash, with the silvery
gently by, that they forgot to go up to
the house to tell the wonderful news to
the family until the dusk of the even-
ing stole upon them.

U. S. Patent Office Report.

The Hon. M. D. Leggett, Com-
missioner of the U. S. Patent Office,
has submitted his annual report for the
year ending December 31st, 1873, to
both Houses of Congress, in compliance
with section 9 of the Patent Act of July
8, 1870, which requires that officer to
prepare, and present to Congress, a
detailed report of the operations of his
office, for the preceding twelve-month.

From this document, which is quite
lengthy, and contains many valuable
suggestions, we glean the following in-
teresting facts: The number of applica-
tions for letters-patent filed during
the year 1873 was 20,414; number of
patents granted (including reissues and
design-patents), 12,864. It appears
that, in 1872, 18,246 applications were
presented, and 13,590 of them were
allowed, and patents granted. The in-
crease in the number of applications is
very marked, and so is the decrease in
the proportion of patents granted—an
abnormal condition of affairs which the
Commissioner explains by stating that
"the decrease in the number of patents
arises partly from more thorough ex-
aminations, and partly from the fact
that some applications are not being
presented to issue, because of the
disturbance in manufacturing, caused
by financial disturbances."

Hundred and seventy-three appli-
cations for extension of existing patents
were received and decided during the
year, of which 233 were granted—
thus adding seven years to their life-
time. It also appears that 4,482 patents
expired during the year; and we are
informed that no less than
2,783 patents, which had been
"allowed," did not issue (were
forfeited, in legal words) on account of
non-payment of the final fee of \$20.
This is the largest number of forfeited
patents for many years, and can only be
accounted for on the score of the un-
usual stringency in financial matters
which, during the latter part of last
year, affected all classes of society, and
was particularly hard upon the working
men, to whose ranks the greater part of
inventors belong.

There were received 534 applications
to have trade marks registered, and of
these 492 were allowed. Of the patents
granted, 12,371 were to citizens of the
United States; 341 to citizens of Great
Britain; 64 to citizens of France; and
88 to the citizens of other foreign gov-
ernments.

Beecher's Advice.

Henry Ward Beecher gives to the
young this advice: "Use fiction as you
would spices in your diet. No man
takes a quart of cloves, nor ex-
hausts the crust, at a single meal.
These things may be used with modera-
tion to season one's food with, but they
are not to be used alone; and so fictions,
while they are not to be resorted to ex-
clusively, may be used with discretion
to season life with. If you find that
using them brings you back to duty
with more alacrity, with more cheer,
and with more aptitude, if you find that
it makes you better in your relations to
your fellow-men, then it does not hurt
you, and you are at liberty to use them.
But if you find that using them makes
you morose; if you find that it gives
you a distaste for work; if you find
that it inclines you to run into a hole
that you may get away from your fol-
low-men; if you find that it makes you
unkind, disobliging, and selfish—then
you may be sure that whether it injures
any body else or not, it injures you."

Burned at the Stake.

How the Indians Disposed of One of
Their Unfortunate Women.

It is a matter of history, as every one
is aware, that the penal laws of some of
the Indian tribes surpass in rigor and
severity those of civilized nations, and
the penalties inflicted by the breaking of
these edicts, which have been handed
down for centuries, are of a singu-
larly cruel and fearful nature. One of
the most stringent of these decrees is in
reference to the chastity of their fe-
males, death being the punishment if
at any time one is known to have broken
the laws of modesty.

For two weeks prior to the occurrence
of the events about to be narrated, the
Indians had been building signal fires
on the elevated portions of the moun-
tains for miles around the surrounding
country. As it was their regular hunt-
ing season, much surprise was mani-
fested as the lights appeared night after
night, calling the absent portions of the
tribe to the general rendezvous. On
questioning some of their number, they
were contrary to their usual manner,
reticent on the subject, and only re-
plied to questions put to them concern-
ing the unusual occurrence that "white
man was there."

Natures, however, who speaks the
language like a native, heard enough to
satisfy himself that a rite was about to
be performed which was of rare occur-
rence, and on questioning a half-breed
who frequently accompanied him on his
hunting excursions, he learned that a
young woman, a member of one of the
tribes in that country, who had aban-
doned her people a year or so since to
live with a white man, had returned,
bringing with her a babe about three
months old. Here was the same old,
old story, so common with us now-a-
days. After a short spell of happiness
and pleasure, he who had brought her
to her ruin became tired of his victim
and abandoned her to her fate. She,
like thousands of others placed in the
same circumstances, sought refuge at
her home and among her people, hoping
to find a shelter for herself and child;
but with the terrible penalty of the law
she had broken before her, and with the
indisputable evidence of her guilt in
her arms, we wonder at her hardi-
ness in placing herself in the power of those
whom she must have known would show
her no mercy.

Nothing that she could offer in palli-
ation of her offense would be received
by those who only knew that their sac-
red laws had been broken. Having
heard that the terrible decree would be
carried out on a certain night, the trapper
secreted himself in a position where he
could obtain an unobstructed view of
all they would do, and he arrived
none too soon, for already the prelimi-
naries had been arranged, and around
a stake driven in the ground the war-
rior braves were marching in a circle to
the solemn, monotonous chant being
played upon the native instruments of
the band. Prominent among them was
the chief, who had not as yet taken an
active part in the proceedings; and as
the solemn circle passed him, each of
the braves would let fly an arrow from
his bow at some imaginary enemy.

After the dance of death was finished,
the chief, by a gesture, gave some order
to a brave in waiting, and from a cir-
cular tray, he emerged a woman of the
tribe, surrounded the victim who was
to be sacrificed to offended justice.
With the exception of a light covering
around her waist, she was utterly de-
void of clothing, and seemed uncon-
scious as to the terrible death awaiting
her. Her babe, which was carried by
one of the women, uttered the most piti-
ful cries, trying to attract the atten-
tion of its mother; but she was not al-
lowed to touch her infant, and with a
look such as only a fond mother can
bestow she gave one earnest, passionate
glance at her offspring, and walked
bravely on to meet her death.

No time was lost; the "medicine
man" quickly bound her to the stake;
brush and faggots were placed around
her so thick as to render her invisible
to the braves, who were now rending the
air with their shouts and cries. The
pyre was lighted, and the flames seemed
possessed of hellish joy as they enwrap-
ped the form of the woman. Thickly
the smoke curled spitefully around her,
yet not a murmur, not a groan escaped her
lips. She appeared a statue, meeting
her fate with that wonderful stoicism
and bravery which characterize her
race.

The fire, which at first thrust out its
fiery darts at intervals, was now a sheet
of flame, soon burned down, leaving
nothing but the charred bones of her
who, but a few moments since, was a
living human being; and her execution-
ers, who had been so kind to her untorn
mind, satisfied the wrath of the Great
Spirit, and removed the stigma on the
tribe, silently departed from the scene
of their horrible act, and separated to
again seek their homes, leaving our
watcher alone with the dead victim,
who, as soon as he was assured of his
safety, departed from the place; but
she was the impression left on his
mind that he had foreseen to that por-
tion of the country forever.

THE END.—The great end of prudence
is to give cheerfulness to those hours
which splendor cannot gild, and ac-
clamation cannot exhilarate! those soft
intervals of unobtruded amusement, in
which a man shrinks to his natural
dimensions, and throws aside the orna-
ments and disguises which he feels in
privacy to be useless incumbrances,
and to lose all effect when they become
familiar. To be happy at home is
the ultimate result of all ambition, the
end to which every enterprise and labor
tends, and to which every desire
prompts the prosecution. It is indeed
at home that every man must be known,
by those who would make a just estimate
of his virtue or folly; for a false oc-
casional, and the mind is often dressed
for show in painted honor and fictitious
benevolence.

In a Granger Lodge.

The Grangers are in order now, and
the funny writers are after them. Here
is the report of the opening scene in a
Grange, that even the Granger him-
self cannot fail to see some good points
in—

On being brought into the ante-room
of the lodge (Greengrocer Temple, No.
101), I was told that I had been balloted
for and accepted. My informant, who
was securely masked by what I after-
wards learned was a large burdock leaf,
perforated with holes for the eyes, told
me that if I valued my life it would be
advisable to keep my mouth shut within asked:
"Who comes?"

My guide answered: "A youthful
agriculturist who desires to become a
granger."
Sepulchral Voice—Have you looked
him carefully over?

Guide—I have, noble gate-keeper.
S. V.—Do you find any agricultural
marks about his person?
Guide—I do.
S. V.—What are they?
Guide—The candidate has carrot
hair, reddish whiskers and a turnup
nose.

S. V.—'Tis well. Why do you de-
sire to become a granger?
Guide (answering for candidate)—
That he may be thereby the better en-
abled to harrow up the feelings of the
rascally politicians.

S. V.—You will bring in the candi-
date. My worthy stripping as you can-
not see, I will cause you to feel that
you are received at the door on the
three points of a pitch-fork, piercing
the region of the stomach, which is to
teach you the three great virtues—
faith, hope and charity. Faith in your-
self, hope for cheaper farm machinery,
and charity for the lightning-rod ped-
dler. You will now be harnessed, and
in representation of the horse, Pegasus,
will be tested as to endurance and wind.

The candidate is here attached to a
small imitation plow, by means of a
hempen harness. A dried pumpkin
vine is put in his mouth for a bit and
bride—he is made to get down on all
fours, the guide seizes the bridle, and
urged on by a granger armed with a
Canada thistle, which he vigorously
applies at the terminus of the spine,
the candidate is galloped three times
around the room. While making the
circuit the members rise and sing:

Get up and dust, you bully boy—
Who wouldn't be a granger?
If the thistle's prick don't cause you joy,
To feeling you must be estranged, oh boy!
After this violent exercise he is rub-
bed dry with corn-cobs, beswathed
where thistled, and brought standing
up before the great chief—the Most
Worshipful Pumpkin Head.
M. W. P. H.—Why do you desire to
be a granger?
Candidate—(answering for himself)—
That I may learn to extinguish sewing
machine agents.
M. W. P. H.—Have your hands been
hardened with toil?
Candidate—Not extensively, but then
I am not running for office.
M. W. P. H.—'Tis well, for our lodges
contain several who are supposed to be
ready to sacrifice themselves for the
good of their constituents.

A Revival of Mohammedanism.

It is well known that Mohammedan-
ism has been making great progress in
India of late years, to the alarm of the
Hindoo, and that instead of being a
dying religion, it is undergoing a great
and ominous revival. Recent infor-
mation on the subject is as follows: A
census of Bengal lately taken makes the
population 67,000,000 instead of 40-
000,000, as was estimated. In some
districts there are 600 to the square
mile. The number of Mohammedans
is far in excess of popular estimate.
They number 20,664,000. Of all who
call themselves Hindoo, there are
42,674,000. The Buddhists are 85-
000 in number, and the Christians 93-
000. Of the aborigines, included in
neither of these classes, there are over
two million. It is stated that the Mo-
hammedans, with their armies of mis-
sionaries, their theory that all faithful
races are equal before God, and their
practice of raising any convert at once
to full social equality, are becoming so
numerous that by 1900 they will be
half the population, and ultimately will
control the religious destiny of Bengal.
Throughout many of the richest dis-
tricts they are already nearly or quite
one-half of the population, and in some
they exceed the Hindoo, and in twenty
per cent., the most astounding instance
of wholesale conversion in modern his-
tory.

A Desperate Incendiary.

At the recent Mense asizes, says a
Paris correspondent, a man of the name
of Julien was placed at the bar; he was
nearly sixty years of age, rich, was mar-
ried twice, and has children by both
wives; in 1860 he was named mayor of
his commune, and exercised his func-
tion for seven years. In the course of
1867 he unjustly accused a neighbor of
theft, and the whole village took part
against him. Julien determined to
avenge himself, and in three years no
less than eight fires took place in the
village, all due to incendiaryism, and out
of forty-six houses twenty-seven were
destroyed. No one doubted the guilt
of Julien, but such was the terror which
his name inspired that no one could ac-
cuse him. A few months ago the pro-
cureur heard of the affair and instituted
proceedings. At the trial twenty-two
witnesses gave evidence against the
prisoner, and it turned out that on some
occasions Julien fired his own property
(which was insured) so that the flames
might extend to the neighboring houses.
One poor fellow was burned out five
times. Several of the families which
appeared before the court had been un-
dermined. The prisoner was defend-
ed by Maitre Lachaud, but was found
guilty, and sentenced to hard labor for
life.

"Flesh for fuel" is the way they head
kerosene fires now.

Items of Interest.

Octagonal watches are fashionable.
"Semi-dress" is the masculine gen-
der of "demi-toilet."

Waynesboro, Penn., has a haunted
distillery. Just the place for spirits!
Pittsburgh has 31 bottle, 24 window
glass and 25 flint and lime glass fac-
tories.

Have no respect for any man who has
to feel the public pulse to learn his pri-
vate duty.

It is a wonder what troubles well
meaning persons fall into in every-day
experience.

There are only eight gold watches in
Harrisburg, Pa.—according to the offi-
cial report.

The National Grange has selected
Charleston as the place for the next
annual meeting.

The vintage of the Australian vine-
yards is estimated at 500,000 gallons.
That of California for 1872 was 4,000,000.

In Carthage, Ill., boys under the age
of 16 are, by a city ordinance recently
passed, prohibited from chewing to-
bacco.

John Carter, a Duluth boy of sixteen,
hung himself the other day because he
had a fight with the school teacher and
failed to conquer him.